Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore i'le none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our lives, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes.
For reaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who never ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, governd by a ſpleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Coſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter*

Ver. Deliver what you will, i'le ſay ſo. Here comes

Hot. My Uncle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo. *Exi*

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willingly.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grievances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that, he is foreſworne.
He cals us Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us. *En*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of *Wales* ſtept forth before the Kin
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads.
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,